

The Weekly Chronicle.

COUNTY OFFICIALS.
 County Judge..... Robt. Mays
 Sheriff..... T. J. Driver
 Clerk..... A. M. Kelsey
 Treasurer..... C. L. Phillips
 Commissioners..... A. S. Blowers
 D. S. Kinsey
 W. H. Whipple
 Assessor..... W. H. Whipple
 Surveyor..... C. L. Gilbert
 Superintendent of Public Schools..... C. L. Gilbert
 Coroner..... W. H. Butts

STATE OFFICIALS.
 Governor..... W. P. Lord
 Secretary of State..... H. R. Kincaid
 Treasurer..... Phillip Metchan
 Supt. of Public Instruction..... G. M. Irwin
 Attorney-General..... C. M. Ideman
 (G. W. McBride)
 Senators..... J. H. Mitchell
 J. B. Hermann
 J. W. Killa
 Congressmen..... W. H. Leeds
 State Printer..... W. H. Leeds

Weekly Clubbing Rates.
 Chronicle and Oregonian..... \$2 25
 Chronicle and Examiner..... 2 25
 Chronicle and Tribune..... 1 75
 Chronicle and N. Y. World..... 2 00

THE BOSS.

In all these diatribes against the boss in politics, lamentations over his successes and paeans over his less conspicuous reverses, are we not missing the mark? Is the boss, after all, a pestilential weed without possibility of good, or is he rather a plant, now unmistakably wild and unrestrained, dwarfing and killing more lovely growths; yet which, under proper use of the implements of political gardening, might be made to delight the eye and swell prodigiously the granaries of work and wisdom? We have Speaker Reed's word for it that a statesman is a politician who is dead. And, while this may suggest that we are blind to the good the living politician is doing, let us go a step farther and inquire whether the boss is not capable of being made an instrument of great good, instead of the unmitigated scoundrel we have been accustomed to regard him.

The boss has his sins and his limitations. From Tweed—or shall we say from Crassus—down to the petty political tyrant of every little American city, the baleful effects of "ring rule" have furnished the theme of numberless philippics. We all know how jobs have been perfected in councils and legislatures, courts have been influenced and elections carried by force or fraud. Then the boss is rarely a man of any decided convictions on public questions. Does anybody care or consider it worth while to know what Gorman thinks about the tariff, what Platt's views are as to the best basis for additional banking currency, or how Quay would retire the greenbacks? There is an obvious falling off here from the leadership that based itself on force of advocacy of idea, well exemplified in such practical politicians as Douglas, Tilden, Blaine, or even Oliver P. Morton. Undoubtedly the boss deserves nearly everything that is said about him.

Yet it is about time to recognize the fact that genius for practical political organizations must be reckoned with. The evolution of American politics has given us the boss, and the pertinent question appears to be whether we shall keep on fruitlessly abusing him, content to carry the newspapers, magazines, clubs and pulpits, while the boss gets the votes; or, on the other hand, to recognize his efficiency for accomplishing things and turn it into useful channels. As a rule, the boss finds his reward in the triumph of his ticket. He is about as honest as other men, and no more avaricious than the average. He prizes a seat in the senate, not for its direct or indirect emoluments of fame or money, but because it helps him to lubricate the machine of which he is the chief engineer. And all political machines are merely means to the higher ends of measures. Every boss understands that. The Republican politicians knew well enough last year that McKinley's election meant personal triumphs not nearly so much as it meant a Republican tariff, currency reform and an American foreign policy. These things are somewhat above and beyond the business of the boss; but he dimly realizes their importance, and cheerfully offers himself and his machine as vehicles for their furtherance.

It is pretty clear that the boss in some shape we must have. Another rises up as soon as one is knocked down. The economist and the patriot will have to use him still to bring desirable things to pass. And the boss is, after all, only the prod-

uct of his time, a truthful weather-vane of his community. He never pretends to direct public opinion, but is at his best when shrewdly foreseeing its drift and getting in line with it. The talent for practical politics is as legitimate as the talent for reading books or stating propositions of law.

The people will get the kind of political leaders they want. These will be no lower morally or intellectually, and assuredly no higher, than the body of voters with whom they work. The boss is very much what we make him.—Oregonian.

COMPENSATIONS.

The world is full of compensations, averages, offsets, counter-balances, or whatever they might be called. All human affairs are subject to them. The rich envy the poor, the poor the rich. Each would be satisfied with the other's lot, yet neither would trade. The barefooted boy looks at the bald-headed millionaire, and thinks what a glorious time he would have spending the money, if he had it, and dreams of things utterly unselfish that he would do with it, and undoubtedly derive much pleasure from doing, and the millionaire gazes at the barefooted boy and his thoughts go fleeting back to his own childhood—when he was happy. The poor man, who has to work like a slave to support himself lives to be a hundred years old before he can quit his job, while the rich man, with money to buy everything purchasable, gets old and dies at 65.

The rich are always satisfied with the lot of the poor, the poor envious of the rich. The married folks occasionally think of divorce and envy the freedom of their unmarried friends, while the unmarried envy the home life of the benedicts. The girl that dislikes ice cream gets hired every summer to sell the stuff, while the girl who "dotes" on it has to spend the summer camping where the picture of a cow is a rarity. The woman with the smallest foot pays most for her shoes, and a bald-headed man gets no reduction for a hair cut.

And so it goes. What we have someone envies us, and what others have we desire. And so in the grand wind up of life it may be said that we all get what we do not want, and we all want what we do not get. This makes us all satisfied with each other's lot, and dissatisfied with our own; but it is the way of the world, and the result of the law of compensations which puts the nastiest worm in the nicest looking apple, and the biggest corn on the smallest toe. The fellow who gets more than his share of the champagne, gets a like quantity of the next day's headache, and the highest pinnacle to which drunkenness lifts him would, if turned upside down, but serve to sound the abysmal depths of next day's woe.

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP.

In 1894 Glasgow acquired ownership of its street car lines. As a result the hours of labor were reduced and wages were advanced. Fares were lowered about thirty-three per cent; the average fare is below two cents, and thirty-nine per cent of the fares are one cent. The service was improved. The Progressive Review of London, in its November number, 1896, said: "The tramways of Glasgow have been made the finest undertaking of the kind in the country, judged both by their capacity to serve the public, and as a purely commercial enterprise." The traffic was doubled in about two years.

Yet these improvements were made without burden to the taxpayers. As a matter of fact, the taxpayer had his direct benefit along with that enjoyed by the riding public. For the year ending June 1, 1896, in spite of 2 cent fares, there was a clear profit of \$213,000 above operating expenses and fixed charges, interest, taxes and depreciation.

In brief, fares are lower, wages higher, hours shorter, service better, traffic larger, and taxes lower.

What Glasgow has done, other cities can repeat, unless their people wish to confess their incapacity to grasp and work out the problems of higher government.

Since the Klondike craze started

nothing has been heard of Hawaii. The newspapers suddenly quit making war between Japan and this country, and Hawaii annexation, Japan and the whole subject dropped out of sight. The fact that the dispatches are again dealing with the subject indicates a falling off of interest in the gold craze.

THE SAME OLD STORY.

With the breaking out of the Klondike fever, and long before it became epidemic, THE CHRONICLE, along with the majority of the papers of the Northwest, pointed out the fact that the stories of the great area of rich placers on the Klondike were grossly exaggerated. That while the evidence of the richness of the claims was sufficient, there was not a strong probability of the area being large. We fixed the limit of the claims on Bonanza and Eldorado creeks at 200 each, the Klondike at perhaps as many more, and we pointed out, as best we could, the difficulties under which prospecting must be done. Attention was called to the fact that less than 200 Indians were available for packing supplies across the mountains, and that without their aid it was impossible for the man not backed by unlimited capital to get across the mountains. Besides stress has been continuously laid upon the danger of starvation for those who reach the mines this fall.

The latest reports show that the editors of the Pacific coast did not lose their heads, and that every prediction made by them is true, or to become true. Practical miners, fresh from the mines, give the number of rich claims on all the creeks at 140. These, they estimate, will yield \$70,000,000 in three years, but an outsider has just as much chance to get an interest in one of them as he has to buy an interest in a bank. These same miners report that provisions are used as fast as delivered by the boats, and that the supply will be totally inadequate for those already there.

The first chapters of the Klondike story only have been told and mark the prediction that the tales of the survivors next summer will make one of the most gruesome chapters of the world's history. Spavined dog will be a luxury by Christmas, and cannibalism will become a part of the social functions before spring. The history of every mining excitement has been one of suffering and want, and this where the climate was not vigorous and the walking was good. Eight months a thousand miles from no place, and this in the edge of the Arctic circle, with scanty supplies and no preparations to withstand the cold, means annihilation.

A man arriving at Juneau from Dawson City says the last steamer from that place carried away a pile of gold dust that measured at least a quarter of a cord, while another man writing from Dawson City says the same steamer carried three and a half tons of gold. There is considerable difference between the statements. A ton of gold is worth in round numbers \$500,000 at \$16 an ounce, which is about the average value. Three tons and a half of gold would therefore mean, at a liberal estimate, \$2,000,000. A quarter of a cord contains thirty-two cubic feet, and a cubic foot of gold weighs about 1000 pounds. By this second estimate there would be sixteen tons of gold, or \$8,000,000. The farmers export from the United States yearly \$650,000,000, and yet no one hears the American farm called a Klondike. It is the craze for sudden wealth, the getting of something for nothing that causes the rush to the gold mines, and yet the fellow who sticks to his job and only gets something for something, will in the end have the most money. The amount of agricultural produce sent from this country each year to feed and clothe the foreigner would make a pile of solid gold equaling eleven and a half cords, 1280 tons.

"One does not hear anything now," says the Indianapolis Journal, "about there not being money enough to do the business of the country. Business has improved wonderfully, and yet there is no complaint of scarcity of money." Just wait until the au-

tumn winds sigh and sob with resolutions about the scarcity of the circulating medium and the insufficient amount of circulation per capita. No article in the whole Populist dream book is more sweetly mathematical than this per capita article. "My cow eats so much hay a day," says the Populist economist; "therefore every man, woman and child must have so much money. At least there must be some money which they could have if they could get it." If business has improved under existing conditions, it would have improved twice as much if there were twice as much money. That is the theory. However, some eminent authorities, Democratic as well as Populist, attribute trusts, and, consequently, all evil, to the scarcity of money. So complaints about it will not be wanting.—New York Sun.

Let's see, it was only a few weeks ago that Joaquin Miller wrote an idyl about the Klondike. Then he was on the steamer, and his vision ran something like this: "I will, with my little pack on my back and my little camp outfit, saunter over the mountain pass to the lakes. There I will build or buy a boat and float into the new Eldorado. I will show these pessimists what a man can do." Joaquin now sings a different song. He writes that an "Alaska mile, with a fifty-pound pack on your back and the mud and ice water to your knees, is the biggest mile, the hardest mile, the thickest, longest and hardest to get through of any mile on earth. The first tale was that of the poet; the second is plain prose.

Wheat took another tumble in Chicago yesterday, going down to 89. The market price cannot be told, however, from the wild scramble now going on in the wheat pit, where every fellow who got nipped in the rise is trying to get even.

SMILES.

"Are you one of the striking miners?" asked the woman at the door. "Yes, mum, I'm what they call a pioneer. I struck thirty years ago, and I've never given in yet."—Free Press.

"I want to say this," shouted John Jingo, "as a state in the great galaxy of commonwealths Hawaii will simply be a jim dandy!" "You bet!" echoed the Hon. Rouser Down, "a regular Honolulu."—North American.

General Coxy insists that if he must keep off the grass the safest place for him is in the middle of the road.—Chicago Times Herald.

The case of Coxy shows the value of keeping yourself in evidence, even when the way of doing it consists in playing the clown.—New York Sun.

Not Startled: "Hold on tight," said the driver of the Deadwood coach; "I may give you a sudden tip." "I'm used to 'em" said the senator.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Death Awaits Them.

H. A. Stanley, of the Binghamton, N. Y., Evening Herald, who has been at St. Michaels for seven weeks, lifts up his voice to warn prospectors against going into the Yukon. He gives what he claims as approximately correct statements as to the amount of provisions, and shows that with the number of men already in camp there must be starvation and suffering this winter. The difficulties of the Chilcot pass have perhaps saved many lives by keeping people out of the country. Nature has been kind, but the action of the transportation companies, or some of them, will rank little short of murder. If next summer the story of the Greeley expedition, multiplied five hundred times, is not brought back from the Yukon, then all signs fail.

Oregon's Greatest Fair.

Can be attended for one fare for the round trip from any point on the lines of the Southern Pacific in Oregon. The fair opens on September 30th, and closes October 8th. Nine days. Every day will be the best. Fraternal order day, October 2d; Oregon press day, October 4th; pioneer and barbecue day, October 5th; Salem day, October 6th; school day, October 7th; free for all race, last day, October 8th. School day, October 7th, children under 12 years of age free. School children over 12 years of age, ten cents.

After harvest you will want a rest, so come to the state fair and enjoy yourself. One fare for round trip. Popular admission of 25 cents.

Cash in Your Checks.

All county warrants registered prior to March 11, 1897, will be paid at my office. Interest ceases after Aug 5, 1897.

C. L. PHILLIPS,
 County Treasurer.

We sell Hoe Cake soap.—Pease & Mays.

A TWO-MINUTE HORSE.

Star Pointer Faced a Mile in One Minute and Fifty-Nine and One-fourth Seconds.

At Readville, Mass., Saturday, August 28th, the long expected two-minute horse came to the front and placed the record three-quarters of a second below that long attempted mark. The dispatches give the following account of the making of the record:

Accompanied by a runner, the big bay Tennessee-bred stallion wiped out the mark and had three-quarters of a second to spare when he went under the wire. This wonderful performance was witnessed by about 8000 persons. It was the more wonderful for on Friday Joe Patchen, with Geers behind him, had made a try at the mark made by John R. Gentry last October, and had failed by a second and a half. Because of this, it was not thought that his greatest rival in the race line would get down below the even time-mark.

The day was perfect for record-breaking. Not a breath of air was stirring when at 4 o'clock the horse came out with a running horse to make the trial for a world's record. The first two scores were not satisfactory to McCleary and he worked the horse way down below the turn. The second score was even worse than the first, for while at scarcely a two-minute clip he went to a break right under the wire. This made the friends of the horse more than a trifle nervous. The horse was acting as if a little sore and not up to the task. But the third time down there was no hesitancy. McCleary nodded for the word, and off the pacer went.

The first quarter was at a two-minute gait, thirty seconds, and then, as McCleary called on his pacer to move, there was a great cheer, for he was beating two minutes and got to the half in 0:59 3/4, with the second quarter in 0:29 3/4. The third quarter was the fastest of the mile, the distance being covered in 0:29 1/4 seconds, a 1:37 gait.

Around the second turn seemed to waver the smallest fraction of a second, but McCleary had him right almost before one could think, and he straightened out into the stretch, the runner moving up closer. Both pacer and runner were asked to step along. McCarthy laid the whip on the runner, but McCleary only spoke a word of encouragement to his horse.

At the drawgate Pointer was reeled a little, and, coming stronger from the distance, the great pacing stallion appeared to freshen in the last few strides, gathering fresh courage as he neared the wire, and finished like a lion in the record-breaking time of 1:59 1/4. A mighty shout went up. Men yelled as though possessed. In the grandstand the owner of the horse had his hand wrung until it ached. Over the fences jumped men who knew the horse and driver, or who were carried away with the enthusiasm of the moment.

Hardly had McCleary brought the horse to a standstill before they had him on their shoulders, and he was borne along the stretch to the judges' stand and there, as the band played "Hail to the Chief," he was introduced to the throng, and then renewed applause for horse, owner and trainer rang out.

A fairer mile was never timed. There was not a watch in the stand but what agreed with the time announced, while on the other side of the stretch, the watches in the grandstand caught it equally fast or better, not one slower.

C. W. Marks, also of Chicago, the owner of the greatest rival of Pointer, looked at his watch earnestly and then remarked:

"If anything, the mile was faster rather than slower. It was a 1:59 performance."

The summaries:
 To beat world's pacing record, 2:02 1/2—Star Pointer, b. s., by Brown Hal, dam Sweepstakes (McCleary), won; time, 0:30, 0:59 3/4, 1:29, 1:59 1/4.

DEEP BODY OF FRESH WATER.

Lake Chelan Has Been Sounded to the Depth of 2565 Feet and No Bottom Reached.

Lake Chelan, in the Cascade mountains, is the third deepest body of water in the world outside of the ocean. It may take second place, as bottom has not yet been found. It is certainly the deepest body of water on the American continent.

These facts have been established by W. G. Steel, now of the United States geological survey and well known as a daring mountain climber and explorer and founder of the well known Alpine club, the Mazamas. Mr. Steel writes as follows:

Camp No. 8 on Lake Chelan, Aug. 24—To the Editor of The Spokesman-Review: You will remember that in 1886 I broke the record for deep water on the American continent by sounding Crater Lake, in southern Oregon, for the government. You will remember also of having invited me to visit Lake Chelan a year later. I was very sorry indeed not to be able to do so, but am examining the Washington forest reserve for the government, and in that capacity attempted to sound the lake last Saturday. A steel line was sent me 2560 feet long, all of which was let out in the middle of the lake without finding bottom. Have just ordered more wire and everything necessary to do the work thoroughly, and shall find that bottom under any circumstances.

This makes Chelan the third deepest body of water in the world, outside of the ocean, the record standing: Lake Baikal in Siberia, 4000 feet; the Caspian

sea, 3000 feet; Lake Chelan, 2560 plus—which means we are after second place, and have good hopes of beating the Caspian sea. Before Saturday last Crater lake held the third place.

W. G. STEEL,
 U. S. Geological Survey,
 Lakeide, Wash.

Lake Chelan is in Okanogan county. It descends to within three miles of the Columbia river and discharges its volume of mountain waters through an outlet known as the Chelan river. The fall of the outlet is about 300 feet and creates a water power second only to the falls of the Spokane.

The lake extends for 68 miles back into the very heart of the Cascade mountains, and its wild precipitous shores, with cataracts leaping out of the dark forests and falling in foam and spray into the waters of the lake, present a scenic panorama which the world can scarce surpass.

The lake's surface is about 900 feet above the level of the sea. Mr. Steel's soundings of 2560 feet therefore prove that the bottom of the lake is at least 1660 feet below the level of the ocean.

A Fine School.

St. Mary's academy for ladies, located in this city and under the direction of the Sisters, is one of the best educational institutions on the coast. The building is of brick, large and well ventilated. Besides the regular studies, especial effort is made to instill into the minds of the pupils a desire to form their hearts to virtue, and to fit them to be true and noble women. Gratuitous lessons are given in all kinds of plain and fancy needle work, knitting, embroidery, etc. Pupils will receive the most watchful care that would be given them by conscientious parents. It is in fact an ideal school and a pleasant home. Those who have girls to send to school should write to St. Mary's academy for terms. If.

Electric Bitters.

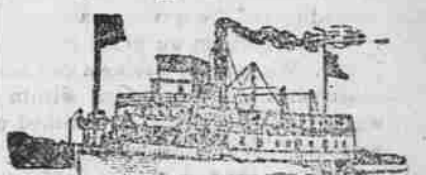
Electric Bitters is a medicine suited for any season, but perhaps more generally needed when the languid, exhausted feeling prevails, when the liver is torpid and sluggish and the need of a tonic and alterative is felt. A prompt use of this medicine has often averted long and perhaps fatal bilious fevers. No medicine will act more surely counteracting and freeing the system from the malarial poison. Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness yield to Electric Bitters. 50c and \$1.00 per bottle at Blakeley & Houghton's drug store.

Did Fitzsimmons Foul Corbett?

Thursday night, September 2, we will all have a chance to see for ourselves whether Wm. Brady, Corbett's manager, was correct in claiming a foul against Jim. The New York Herald explains it as "a trick of perspective." As the genuine Veriscope reproduction of the great Carson contest will be here, this mooted question will soon be settled in the minds of all. There is already a big demand for seats and the house will undoubtedly be crowded.

Regulator Line

The Dalles, Portland and Astoria Navigation Co.



Strs. Regulator & Dalles City

FREIGHT AND PASSENGER LINE

BETWEEN

The Dalles, Hood River, Cascade Locks and Portland daily, except Sunday.

GOOD SERVICE, LOWEST RATES

DOWN THE VALLEY

OR TO

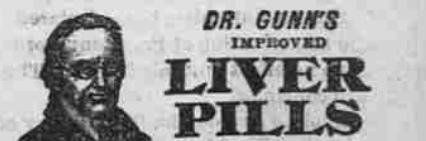
EASTERN OREGON?

If so, save money and enjoy a beautiful trip on the Columbia. The west-bound train arrives at the Dalles in ample time for passengers to take the steamer, arriving in Portland in time for the outgoing Southern and Northern trains. East-bound passengers arriving in The Dalles in time to take the East-bound train.

For further information apply to J. N. HARNEY, Agent, Oak Street Dock, Portland, Oregon. Or W. C. ALLAWAY, Gen. Agt., The Dalles, Oregon.

AN OREGON KLONDIKE.

Do you want money? If so, catch on to this. A 7-year-old orchard, twenty acre tract, seventeen acres in choice fruits, bearing trees, new house of six rooms, barns, outbuildings, etc., all new; two horses and harness, two wagons, one road cart and one cow. Will call on a bargain and on easy terms. Call at or address C. E. Bayard or Chas. Frazer, The Dalles, Oregon.



DR. GUNN'S
 IMPROVED
LIVER PILLS
 A mild physic. One Pill for a Dose. A movement of the bowels each day is necessary for health. These pills supply what the system needs to make it regular. They cure Headache, Brighten the Eyes, and clear the complexion better than cosmetics. They neither gripe nor sicken. To convince you, we will mail complete directions free for 25c. Sold every where. DR. ROSANCO MED. CO., Philadelphia, Pa.